

Omaha  
30 June 71

Dear Hal,

A pause, likely brief, in the Great Nebraska Heat permits a bit of work at the desk. And some sleep has revived the common sensibilities.

Even so, tis difficult to make out such strange occurrences as: Big Jim arrested by the FBI for alleged bribe-taking, and his remarks to the press, and his physical appearance. Or the sight of Sen. Gravel...seemingly near collapse from nervous exhaustion. Or the President and the Attorney-General (especially the latter) giving us the word on how the law is meant to be, via remarks to an FBI graduating class...the same day the Supreme Court decides a most extraordinary case.

All in all, thank god for Justice Black. Amen.

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The anon. riddle from Rockville...well, I don't yet know for sure precisely how to take it, what to make of it. But let us spend some more time with it. By the way, I don't recall that Barbara Carey ever lived in Rockville. She has for some time lived in Reston, Virginia. (I assume Barbara is the "her" your letter refers to.) Jean and I are philatelists and have corresponded superficially with a few stamp dealers who have Rockville addresses, but I can't at the moment think of anyone we know or knew at all personally who is or ever was from that city.

A few first impressions regarding the text: The writer may be a nut, as you say the Secret Service seems to believe, but I think he or she may still have worked in earnest at putting this piece together. With this in mind, I don't think you can assume that, for instance, the postmark date is simply a coincidence and nothing more. If "Mr. Weisberg" did not appear in the text itself...but it does, and the date of your birth is on the envelope.

Note, too, the return address: "I.F. Stone / 1940 Luke St."  
Then consider St. Luke, chapter 19, verse 40: (Jean's discovery, just now.

And he answered and said unto  
them, I tell you that, if these should  
hold their peace, the stones would  
immediately cry out. (King James Version)

The italics are mine, of course, but you can see, surely, what I mean.

At the same time, you must remember that a sick person (or "nut," if you prefer) often loves to play with words and make associations that, even though they are not nonsense, exactly, do not add up to reveal any sort of unity or grand single design.

Well then. Enough for now. As I say, we'll spend some time more with the thing and let you know what we find.

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No, copy of the book not received from your publisher—but we'll find one somewhere before too long.

Best regards,  
D. I. (and Jean)